RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

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True wealth can never consist in the possession of things. The person who has nothing but money with which to meet life is poverty-stricken.

— William Barclay

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The Ancient Order …

EARLY CHRISTIAN WORSHIP AND ITS MEANING FOR US

In recent years the church generally has been taking a hard look at the meaning of worship, and the changes in attitude are encouraging. It is not so much a question as to whether we should be more formal or less formal, more liturgical or less liturgical, but of the *nature* of worship itself. We are coming to appreciate, I think, that worship, in its broadest sense at least, is not as much what we *do* as what we *are.* We are now questioning whether worship is measured in *acts*—such as "the five acts of worship" that we often refer to in our own circles—or whether it really has to do with a committed life. Am I now worshipping as I communicate with you over this typewriter or only if I bow my head and pray or lift my voice in praise to God? Or only if I make my way to some formal service and *do* certain things?

Jesus certainly was not indifferent to all the forms that we might call worship. To a leper he had healed Jesus said, "Show yourself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a proof to the people" (Matt. 8:4). Jesus intended that this ritual would not only have meaning to the man, but would have some public significance. One could easily conclude from this case that since the man was already made whole, and that by Jesus himself, why should he fool with a priest and ritual? But Jesus did not see it that way. The Lord is teaching him to respect and obey the law that God had given to Israel, but this may have also been his way of relating the man to the worshipping community, separated as he had been by his leprosy.

On the other hand Jesus placed peace between brothers equal to or perhaps above sacrificial worship. "If you are offering your gift at the altar," he says in Matt. 5:23, "and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift there before the altar and go; first be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift." In this case one is to go *away* from church, leaving his "worship" incomplete, in order to do the right thing. We are forced to the conclusion that one is worshipping as much when he serves as a peacemaker as when he is doing church. And if one *must* choose between them, it is clear which Jesus makes paramount.

It is clear from Rom. 12:1 that worship involves the whole of life, not only what we do ritually or formally: "I appeal to you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual

worship." Living for God in our bodies every day is our spiritual worship—*reasonable* or *intelligent* worship it should be, meaning that it is in accord with reason, God being Lord of heaven and earth and therefore of our bodies, that we should commit all that we are to him. The typist, therefore, or the plumber, if she or he is doing it for God, is worshiping as much as if at church. So with jogging, picnicking or cleaning house.

And yet *worship*, which comes from several Greek words, is often used in Scripture to refer to ritual. Even in the same book, Rom. 9:4, Paul says that "the worship" belongs to Israel, just as did the law and the covenants, referring of course to the priestly system. It is ritual that the woman at the well has in mind when she tells Jesus that "Our fathers worshiped on this mountain; and you (the Jews) say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship," but he seems to have more than that in mind when he replies, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for such the Father seeks to worship him. God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth" (Jn. 4:20f.).

This must be saying that true worship is in the heart, deep inside one's self, something to be keenly sensed as if it absorbs one's very being, and it must be *in truth.* that is, sincerely given to God and Him alone and according to His will. Jesus made it clear, drawing from an Old Testament truth, that worship is vain if it is only from the lips and does not reach the heart (Matt. 15:8).

But worship seems to be both, in the heart and on the lips. God not only wants us to love Him with all our being, which is the real worship, but He also wants us to show it, and He has ordained ways in which this is to be done. This too is real worship when it comes from a worshipful heart.

In our own history we have used some non-Biblical terms that may nonetheless have scriptural import, such as *corporate* worship and *social* worship. The terms really mean about the same. The latter term is not used much any more, but it was a favorite of our pioneers. One may worship alone, true, and of course she does if she is a true believer. But God has ordained that we should worship together also, and this is *social* worship. Social worship has distinct characteristics. He intends that the church do things *as an assembly* that are not to be done as individuals. Generally this truth has been neglected in Protestantism where such stress has been placed upon individual religion. If the sense of community or family has not been lost, it has hardly been sufficiently appreciated. God works in history through His community, and it is there that one should seek Him rather than in isolation.

So, I think it not amiss to speak of "going to worship" if we are referring to what we do as a Body of believers as distinct from the worship we engage in when we go to work or take the family to visit grandmother. It may be misleading to talk about "acts of worship," but it is still true that there are experiences we have and ordinances that we recognize as God-given when we assemble as the Body of Christ-corporate (body) worship. What were the basic characteristics of corporate or social worship in the early church?

First, we should identify the aim of the service, and then see how all the parts supported the overall purpose. A reading of 1 Cor. 14, which tells us more about primitive social worship than any other chapter, makes it clear that the aim was *the building up of the saints.* We quote the last verse of that chapter, "All things should be done decently and in order," recognizing the restrictions that that principle places upon our conduct in assembly, but we do not sufficiently emphasize the principle of edification, which is really the theme of the chapter. The key phrase of the chapter could be in verse 19: *in order to instruct others.* Paul chose understandable language over tongues "in order to instruct others." When one lines up several of the verses that show the aim of social worship they are impressive:

Verse 4: "he who prophesies edifies the church."
Verse 5: "so that the church may be edified."
Verse 12: "strive to excel in building up the church."
Verse 26: "Let all things be done for edification."
Verse31: "so that all may learn and all be encouraged."

We should not talk about decency and order less, which is once referred to, but about edification and encouragement more, which are referred to again and again as the purpose of the service. Eph. 4:15-16 describes this as "We are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ," and goes on to speak of how each part of the body working properly "makes bodily growth and up builds itself in love."

We gain much from the Ancient Order when we implement this principle: the aim of the assembly is for the Body to build itself up in love through instruction and encouragement. We do not assemble simply to do certain things and thus fulfill a prescribed ritual. We are not simply to sing or pray or teach, for these things are not necessarily edifying. Some singing is depressing and some teaching boring. "Let all things be done for edification" is the rule. We may not always succeed, but we are to "strive to excel in building up the church."

This aim might come nearer being realized in our time in the "coffee and doughnut session" which I see here and there. This comes "before church" and provides opportunity for intimate and encouraging fellowship, even bordering on real celebration in some instances, and it may be here that we are most like the primitive church. This is of course social or corporate worship, and this notion that "the worship must begin at 10:45" is a delusion. Social worship has already begun back in the vestibule where the saints are embracing a dear sister who has just returned from a siege of illness or where they are welcoming believers from a distant state. When we start singing at 10:45 is not when we start worship. It is simply when we start singing! If it "starts" anywhere, it would probably be out in the parking lot. That is, *if* we really worship. People are not worshiping simply because they come together and do church.

I am only going to give a roll call of the makeup of primitive worship, with but little discussion. It does not necessarily follow that we are to do everything they did (it better not!), but everything they did should say something to us. There are basics and things not so basic. No primitive assembly was exactly like the next one, except in the basics. But already we have our working principle in that all the parts of social worship are to have one aim: to edify and encourage those assembled.

1. *Prayers*. There was probably great variety: in unison, individually, and maybe even with one person leading (1 Cor. 14:16). In our early history the practice of one person leading a prayer became a problem due to the Glasite background. In the Glasite churches "the prayers of the church" were voluntary and chain-like or successive. It would be interesting to know if in a primitive church anyone was ever called on to pray. It is just as well that we not talk too much along these lines about "following the pattern."

2. *Saying the Amen and crying Maranatha.* These would really be part of the prayers, and of the celebration. Living in the hope of Jesus' coming, they could pray with great meaning, *Come, Lord Jesus,'* To say "Abba, Father!" was another way they spoke of prayer (Rom. 8:15).

3. *Breaking of bread*. Acts 2:46 probably means that bands of saints moved from house to house breaking bread, and did so *daily.* This is social worship in sharing time and food together, though there was likely a ritual of "breaking bread" that was neither a meal nor the Lord's Supper, such as Jesus observed with his disciples (besides the Supper), such as in Mt. 14:19 and Lk. 24:30.

4. *Singing and praising*. We may not be able to establish congregational singing for certain, but there were surely solos (1 Cor. 14:26). If 1 Tim. 3:16 was an old hymn, as some think, it and others like it may have been chanted by the assembly. Several passages indicate that the believers praised God in word and song in and out of the assembly.

5. *Reading*. Paul urged that his letters be read in the assembly, such as Col. 4:16, and Rev. 1:3 gives a blessing to the one who publicly reads that book. Justin Martyr, in an exciting description of worship in the early church, tells that "On the day which is called the day of the sun there is an assembly of all those who live in the towns or in the country; and the memoirs of the Apostles or the writings of the prophets are read, as long as time permits. Then the reader ceases, and the president speaks, admonishing us and exhorting us to imitate these excellent examples." He goes on to say that they pray together, with the people assenting with *Amen,* and partake of the Eucharist.

6. *Giving of money*. Justin included in his description: "And they that are prosperous and wish to do so give what they will, each after his choice. What is collected is deposited with the president, who gives aid to the orphans and widows and such as are in want by reason of sickness or other cause; and to those also that are in prison, and to strangers from abroad, in fact to all that are in need he is a protector." This would be the most ancient source for a common fund (about 150 A.D.). It may have evolved after the apostolic period as there is no evidence that a New Testament church ever took an offering *in assembly.* Even 1 Cor. 16:2, commonly a proof text for this, almost certainly refers to a plan of laying by "at home" on each first day, and even that was temporary. They did of course raise funds in some manner for certain causes (Philip. 4:15). This lack of specific authority for a "church treasury" renders insipid all the fuss among us in recent years as to just how its funds can be spent. The whole thing is obviously our own arrangement.

7. *Confessions, benedictions, doxologies*. Jewish practices in the synagogue would have brought some of this into the Christian assembly. Such benedictions found at the close of Paul's letters may well have been voiced in the assemblies, as well as confession of sins and profession of faith in Christ. Creedal statements also, such as *Jesus is Lord!*

8. *Tongue speaking*, This prevailed at least in the church at Corinth. Paul restricted it to only those instances when there could be an interpreter, so that it could be instructive.

9. *Love feasts*. There is sufficient evidence that *agape* at one time meant not merely love, but a love feast. In the earliest church it was connected with the Lord's Supper, but they afterwards became independent of each other. Jude 12 has an interesting allusion to these.

None of these probably, except the first, would be basic to corporate worship, that is, always or nearly always present in any church anywhere, and yet they might be present and often would be in many churches. This means that any of them *could* have an appropriate place in this or that congregation, depending on the need for it.

This leaves us with three basics that are generally admitted to be such: the Lord's Supper, teaching, and prayer. These are catholic in nature. Believers who do not assemble to share the Supper, pray together, and seek to build each other up through instruction run the risk of not being a true church.

This allows for lots of diversity and variety, which surely characterized primitive worship. There might be additional features that our time and culture would make appropriate, such as children's church, periods of quiet meditation (like the Quakers), candle lighting, counseling and group therapy, sermons, regular offerings, congregational singing, choirs, etc. It is likely that none of these were in primitive worship, and they should be a part of our social worship only as they serve to enhance *the three basics.* If, for example, a church wants to have a symbolic candle-lighting to enhance the Supper (which would be in the same category of dimming the lights or humming!), it might be in order. But nothing can *displace* the Supper or its meaning.

Those who look for a "fixed pattern" might well give up their search. There is no pattern of Christian worship in the Scriptures. Anyone who tries to follow one only follows his own arbitrary interpretation, He will be forced to include things that are not in Scripture and leave out things that are, such as the above list.

But we have descriptions of social worship, along with some instructions. that provide us with three basics, along with other features that might or might not be appropriated, depending on the circumstances. And we might add still others, just as some New Testament churches did (that others did not!). so long as they meet the one crucial test of biblical authority: *Let all things be done for the building up of the Body*. *—the Editor*

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Highlights in Restoration History …

A CANADIAN HISTORIAN LOOKS AT OUR DIVISIONS

Most of us in this country who are heirs of the Restoration Movement are hardly aware that our counterparts in the country to the north of us have their own origins and traditions, quite independent of us. We presume that any nation that has heard our plea must have heard it from our pioneers, and if they do not look back to Alexander Campbell and Barton Stone like we do, there is something wrong. But our Canadian brethren have had a Restoration Movement all their own, and it is just as old as ours, if not older. They have their own pioneers who migrated from the Old World just as ours did. They had journals by 1836 and cooperative agencies by 1843.

Their first church, organized by John R. Stewart, a Scot, on Prince Edward Island, dates back to 1810, which makes it a year older than Thomas Campbell's Brush Run Church of Christ. Like the Camp hell group. they were not immersionists at the outset. but became so in 1815 when another Scot of Haldanean influence. Alexander Crawford, began to work with them.

They also have had their own historian, just as we have had Dr. Robert Richardson. Reuben Butchart is his name. and one cannot make his way through his 700-page chronicle of *The Disciples of Christ in Canada Since 1830* without appreciating its author as much as the history. Butchart must have been at least a third generation Disciple. though the Canadians have traditionally called themselves Churches of Christ almost exclusively, especially in the earlier generations. When Alexander Campbell visited Ontario in 1855, with Selina at his side, he tells of traveling with a "Bro. Butchart." I am guessing that this was Reuben's grandfather. Some of our Canadian readers might help me on this point.

In his preface to the history Reuben tells how his interest in the Movement goes back to his boyhood when he would rummage through old disciple literature in his father's attic. He was a member of the Church of Christ in Canada for seventy years, and it was in those latter years that he wrote his history. But he would not presume to be a historian, only a compiler. Some compiler he was, for he wrote the story of every congregation that ever existed in all of Canada's nine provinces. I was especially interested in those of what he calls "the pioneer period," which was up to 1869, at which time Canada had 71 churches of the Restoration persuasion.

And *Restoration* is the word, for Butchart notes that Canada stressed restoration much more than unity, a point of difference with the Stone-Campbell work in the States. He says that in all those years he heard very little about unity. While our pioneers were well-educated Presbyterians, broad and ecumenical in their outlook, Canada's were less-educated Scotch Baptists, who were rigid and legalistic, and who had already divided several times over "restoring the ancient order" before coming to Canada. Butchart thinks it remarkable not only that all the Scotch Baptist churches in Canada became Churches of Christ, but that *in Canada* they managed to stay united despite lots of differences—at least for the first two generations.

It is both sad and interesting to follow the story of the ruptures in the few, small, scattered churches of Canada. Once they had a missionary society, there were those who opposed it, insisting that it was not in "the pattern." Then came instrumental music. Same story, same reason. Both sides were often unloving and overbearing. Soon the non-instrument Churches of Christ were a separate church. Reuben, in his kindly manner, devotes a chapter to them, in which he lists the congregations, and, in behalf of the people he represents. expresses "cordial and Christian greetings to our sister Churches in Canada."

In recent years there has been a healthful reexamination of the nature and causes of the divisions within the Movement in the States. Our older historians have attributed the divisions, especially the "Church of Christ" split which was the first, to "differences in interpreting Biblical authority and the scope and details of 'restoration'," to quote W.E. Garrison in his now famous "Fork of the Road" address before the Pension Fund of Christian Churches in 1964. His colleague in historiography, A. T. DeGroot, says "the principle of restoration of a fixed pattern is divisive and not unitive." He refers to "this spectacle of divided unionists," observing that there is something obviously wrong when a unity movement divides again and again and again. Howard Short, in a Ph. D. thesis on the causes of our divisions, points to "exclusivism, sectism, and legalism."

In recent years some of our folk have played down the doctrinal or hermeneutical causes and have pointed to socioeconomic factors, especially as they were created by the Civil War. This began with Henry K. Shaw in his *Hoosier Disciples* in 1966. "Disciples of Christ like to claim that American slavery and the Civil War did not divide them," he writes as he questions the long-accepted Garrison-DeGroot-Short explanations. He goes on to argue that the War *did* divide them. Carl Ketcherside and Ed Harrell have also thoughtfully suggested in their writings that the War had much more to do with the

division than has been acknowledged, Harrell in particular arguing that the division was actually sectional, between North and South, as a statistical breakdown of the churches indicate.

Reuben Butchart also had to explain division in a unity movement—in Canada and not the United States. Since they've had no Civil War he does not have that factor to consider. Perhaps the division came through American influence? He does not suggest this. Rather he tells of congregations that separated over these issues that had no contact with us, who were native Canadians whose roots go back to the Scotch Baptists. He blames the "needless divisions" on the "narrow thinking of long ago," and he quotes A. T. DeGroot, as we have above, to the effect that our people have divided because of their illusion that there is a fixed pattern to restore, and they fracture when they cannot agree on what that pattern is.

Butchart observes that the Scotch Baptists, who had a proclivity for dividing, looked for "a systematically devised church," one that operates "according to a fixed schedule of ordinances for all time," and that they brought this along with them when they became Churches of Christ.

The same thing happened to our people in Great Britain. Whether it is England, Scotland, or Ireland—or Australia or New Zealand—or Canada or the United States, the story is the same: we have divided and divided and divided. So have other churches, of course. If there are twenty different kinds of Presbyterians, there must be a hundred different kinds of Baptists. There is one embarrassing difference: we are the one people, the only people, who are supposed to represent a movement to unite all the Christians.

I have no interest in belaboring the question of *why* we divided. I had rather contribute to the healing of the divisions, whatever be their cause. But there may well be a relationship between *why* we originally divided and our *continuing* to divide, along with preserving the old divisions. Right now we have Churches of Christ in Texas, not to mention Canada or Great Britain, that will not even fellowship each other. As for others in discipledom, it is as if the Disciples and the Christian Churches were completely separate churches, even though we are all baptized believers with the same historic roots. Why?

I agree with the humble Canadian historian that our divisions have not only been needless but that they are to be blamed upon a devastating fallacy that has been inherent in the restoration plea from the outset. We have all been duped by a fatal error, *restorationism.* In "restoring the church" (and that itself is an error in that the church has

always been and does not need to be restored) we have presumed that the New Testament constitutes a fixed pattern, that all the details are legislated, not unlike the minute instructions that God gave to Moses for building the tabernacle. We have made much of Heb. 8:5, “See that thou make all things according to the pattern,” supposing that this makes the New Testament a fixed code for the church.

And so of course each leader presumes that his interpretation is the correct one, and he teaches his people that to be “faithful” they must adhere to the way he sees it, even if it means creating a faction. Nearly always the point at issue relates to what the Scriptures say nothing about.

But such legalism is not merely differing on the details of the pattern, for the church could abide this if the unity of the Spirit were preserved in the bond of peace. We allow love to fail, and we come to cherish our parties more than each other. We neglect the love that builds up and seek the “knowledge” that puffs up.

To put it another way, our folk divided in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States when some among them imposed their opinions upon others, making them a “Thus saith the Lord” that all others must accept to remain in the fellowship. This is sectism, which is carnality and a sin, just like idolatry or fornication. We divide because we are carnal. True, socioeconomic factors may tempt us to be carnal, whether dividing the body or cheating in a business deal. But we don’t have to be factious or be a cheat. Faith is our victory, and love is that which binds us together. One should be just as resolved *not* to make a sect as *not* to be a fornicator. Lest we forget, the apostle makes factions and parties *a sin.* So there is no way to blame our sinful, divisive ways on three continents on forces within our cultures beyond our control. We *could* have helped it and we sinned when we didn’t. And we *can* do something about our present divided condition, and we sin so long as we don’t.

Old Prof. W. E. Garrison observed well when he said: *It makes a world of difference whether a group of restorationists is looking for grounds on which to separate or for grounds on which to unite*. *—the Editor*

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Travel Letter …

RESTORATIONISTS IN PENNSYLVANIA

In my last travel letter I indicated that I would tell of my pilgrimage to Princeton this time around, but I will delay that for one more issue so that I can relate to you something of my visit to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, known widely as Amish country. It is ironical that these simple people should become a tourist attraction. It is not generally known that they are restorationists, emanating from the Anabaptists who came into existence in an effort to restore primitive Christianity.

Sandwiched in between my visit to Toronto and Princeton was a weekend with the Church of Christ in Lancaster where I was the guest of Bert and Joan Travis who minister there. They are “low key” kind of folk who keep themselves busy serving, and even though I was with them but a short time I grew to love and appreciate them very much. I had tipped off Chaplain Talmage McNabb, retired, that I would be at this church on May 28, so he was able to join us from his home in New Jersey for the occasion. We have corresponded for many years as he made his way from one army camp to another, but had never been able to meet personally. I have always admired his vigorous interest in the Restoration Movement, especially his role as a gadfly in the letters and articles he has circulated among all our wings in an effort to get us to be honest.

That a.m. I spoke on The Eleventh Commandment, which is to love God with all our heart, soul and mind, and in the p.m. spoke by request on the history of our Movement, dealing particularly with four slogans used by our pioneers. Everywhere I go I find our people interested in both the Bible and our history. Expository teaching, where the Scriptures themselves are projected and made relevant to our lives, is a crucial need in our churches, and the minister who seeks to fill this need will be appreciated. And our history, when properly approached, is something similar since our pioneers were engaged in an effort to rediscover the relevance of Scripture.

Chaplain McNabb, the Travis’, and I made a tour of Amish country. Being a Sunday afternoon, the plain folk were out in their jet-black buggies drawn by high-stepping horses, a display of anachronistic wealth. The Amish folk are successful farmers who amass considerable wealth in their efforts to have enough land for all the children to inherit and continue as farmers. Marriage is an essential step for the youth since one cannot inherit the family farm if he is single, and yet they must marry within the clan. So on Sundays they are out in force, dating in their immaculate buggies, the boys in dark pants and shirt and wide-brimmed black hats, the girls in long colorless dresses and gray bonnets. Nearly all of them work on farms as they move from farmhand to owner, the oldest son having the home place deeded to him when he marries. But they may also work for others as

carpenters, cabinetmakers, or sawmill hands, but this is considered only as temporary. If one is physically handicapped he may become a watchmaker or some such craftsman and work in town.

The Anabaptists, of which the Amish are a sub-sect, began back in 1525 in an effort to restore the New Testament church out of Luther's reformation. They agreed with Luther in tearing down the Roman Church, but they believed that a new order should take its place. Rather than be concerned with all the errors of Romanism, they sought to build a new fellowship after the example of the early Christians. Placing themselves under the demands of the Sermon on the Mount, they created a movement that resembled the church of the first century. as they saw it. They became strict pacificists. refusing to take up arms even for self defense. Some of them became communistic and rejected private property. They rejected infant baptism and emphasized discipline and commitment.

So the Anabaptists sought to reform the Reformers and have come to be known in history as part of "the Radical Reformation." Their leaders, some of whom were former priests, debated both the Lutherans, the "rightists" who sought to retain some Catholic doctrine and ritual, and the Zwinglians, the "leftists" who were more liberal in doctrine but insisted on preserving the union of church and state. They also debated the Catholic theologians, calling for a return to primitive Christianity and the separation of church and state. They therefore had everyone against them, Protestants and Catholics alike, and since the established churches controlled the powers of the state they had no problem in persecuting the Anabaptists even unto death.

Though eager to restore ancient Christianity, the Anabaptist groups did not hesitate to adopt the names of their leaders. The Mennonites, who migrated from the Netherlands to the United States, were named for their pastor-leader, Menno Simons. and the Amish, who were the strictest sect of the Anabaptists, were called after their founder Jakob Ammann. They began in the 1690's and came to Pennsylvania as early as 1727. The issues that divided the Amish and the Mennonites are not unheard of among our own people. The Mennonites, who have always been more liberal, believed that there were Christians outside their movement, while the Amish insisted that they were the only true church. They also differed on fellowship in that the Amish would not even eat with anyone who had left their ranks, as 1 Cor. 5:11 plainly says. Even when they had opportunity to migrate to America the Amish would not board the same ship with other Anabaptists!

These restorationists make much of the Christian's separation from the world, their oft-quoted Scriptures being "Be not conformed to this world" and "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." The Old Order among them have interpreted these passages very radically, even to the point of renouncing such "worldly" things as automobiles, telephones, modern plumbing, and of course radio-TV. In fact they have no electricity in their homes at all. Tractors cannot even be used in farming, though some compromise to the extent that tractors *without rubber tires* can be used. And their clothing must be the simplest, drab and colorless and usually made at home, though some clothing manufacturers make garments that meet Amish standards.

Just as all pattern-restorationists have problems being consistent, the Amish have theirs. They will not use electricity but do have propane gas. Their kitchens sport the latest-style gas ranges and kerosene refrigerators. They even go to the trouble to have a gasoline water pump that supplies water for a gas water-heater and a fully-equipped bath with toilet, lavatory, and shower. Their homes are rather well lighted by gasoline mantle lanterns. They may have no automobile in the drive, but their Mennonite neighbor does, which is always available, *with chauffeur.* when one is needed. They also manage a little fellowship on such occasions!

If the Amish want to be primitive, they could learn from the way my parents did it in the old days. My mother cooked on a wood-burning stove much of her life and the water was carried in buckets from the well to the kitchen. When the family bathed, which wasn't all that often, it was other than under a hot shower in a modern bathroom.

But I felt at home among these Amish restorationists, for they reminded me of the restorationists back in Texas among whom I was raised. You don't have to have thirty-four electrical gadgets in your home and a Mercedes-Benz in the garage to be "modern"—just as you don't have to have an organ and a choir in your church in order to be. Our Amish brethren can be just as proud riding behind a prize horse with its manicured tail tickling their faces and in a spotless buggy with its flashing red lights and turn signals as a west-Texas rancher wearing a ten-gallon hat, star-studded boots, and an Eisenhower jacket and zipping about in his pink Cadillac. In most places they would compete in attracting the most attention, but when it comes to holding up traffic on the highway there is no contest!

My restorationist brethren in Texas will draw the line of fellowship over instrumental music—or Sunday School—or communion cups—because the primitive church did not have these things. But such primitivism does not keep them from building multi-million dollar cathedral-like buildings with their padded pews, oaken pulpits that are fenced and

carpeted, and all sorts of electronic gear. If the organ was once necessary for the display of wealth and modernity, it is no longer. Like the Amish in Pennsylvania, my Texas brethren can be very selective in “restoring the New Testament Church.”

But the Amish folk are changing in that they now have their New Order. Some 50,000 in number, they have not been able to shield their youth from the world, despite having their own school system, which is continually plagued by state accrediting agencies. The girls, reared in a traditional Germanic culture, often work in “English” homes where “the world” rubs off on them. Young men rent non-Amish farms with their modern farm equipment, which they find hard to forget once they have their own land. A lot of kids simply walk away from it all, and there are too many of them to “withdraw” from.

Their churches are changing. Once they met only in barns but now they have neat meetinghouses. Traditionally the preachers would mumble their sermons in sing-song fashion, hiding their eyes as they spoke, and never giving an illustration unless it was from the Bible. But the New Order preachers are a lot like the rest of us, even to the point of moving about on the platform, giving illustrations from farm and city life, and looking folk right in the eye! It just shows how far astray good folk can go.

They have their reformers that tell them that they have abused the idea of restoring primitive Christianity, and that they do not have to believe that Jesus was an Amish man who spoke German. Some of them are getting a good education and they have begun to associate more with “the denominations.” They have their self-hate group who are down on their Amishness and want to scrap the whole thing. They have their traditionists who can hardly entertain a new idea and who want to excommunicate anyone who veers from the party line. And they have their constructive critics who want to hold to what is valid in their traditions and yet effect the changes that will make them more Christian.

And amidst all this, their Mennonite neighbors, who are closest to them and know them best, hesitate to take them into their churches, fearing that the Amish are so legalistic that they are not truly Christian, or, if not that, they distrust them, supposing that they have come to divide and conquer.

Sound familiar? —*the Editor*

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Pilgrimage of Joy …

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

W. Carl Ketcherside

I come now to the place where I must recount a life-changing experience which was destined to completely re-orient the whole philosophy of my relationship to the kingdom of heaven. I apologize to my readers for the time to be spent in narrative, seeing that nothing is ordinarily quite so boring as listening to another recount what happened to him. I must preface what I shall say with the statement that I am a pragmatist, and not a mystic, by nature, although all of us are combinations of both. I suspect that every wholehearted follower of Jesus is confronted sooner or later with a sense of the great gulf which exists between what he believes and what he really is. For some, the confrontation with the Living Lord is gradual and almost academic. For others it may come as a flash of light in a crisis situation. That the latter should have been my lot is as unexplainable to me as it will be to those of you who now read about it.

It occurred on the afternoon of March 27, 1951. I know where it took place and I know the moment it took place. I am convinced now that if I had never left America it would not have happened at all. Before I went to Ireland I conveyed to the brethren there my hope of visiting the little village of Ahorey, and the meetinghouse in which Thomas Campbell had ministered. William Hendren and Joe Hamilton made contact with Mr. T.S. Hoey, secretary of the little Presbyterian congregation, and he graciously suggested that we conduct a service in the quaint little place. Arrangements were made for Easter Monday, which is a “bank holiday” upon which all business places are closed and workers are free.

Sixty-five of us met at the little Berlin Street meetinghouse early in the morning of a dark and dreary day with the rain pouring down. After a time of prayer we boarded the two chartered buses and set out upon our trip. Fortunately, by the time we reached Ahorey, the rain had ceased. The little village where Alexander Campbell spent his early boyhood was small indeed. Only three Irish farm cottages could be seen. One of them was used as a post office. The meetinghouse sat back in a yard which could have been the setting for Gray’s Elegy. We made our way along the path which was flanked by the moss-covered grave markers to the door of the lovely little building where we were warmly greeted by the Presbyterian welcoming committee.

In the entrance hall was a bronze plaque of Thomas Campbell inscribed with the words *Prophet of Union.* He was the second pastor of the congregation, assuming his charge in 1798. When we entered the place of meeting its quaintness and old-worldliness struck our

attention. It was lighted with paraffin lamps. The pews had to be entered through little gates which had first to be unlocked. When the brethren had filed in and our Presbyterian hosts were seated, I unlocked the door leading to the speaker's platform and took my place behind the stand containing the same large pulpit Bible from which Mr. Campbell had often read.

The audience stood and sang "The Lord's My Shepherd" to the haunting melody of the tune *Crimond.* William Hendren led a prayer for the unity of all believers in the Lord Jesus. I turned to Ephesians 2 and read the chapter. I was moved to speak, as never before, on verse 14. "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." I must have spoken more to myself than to the others, because all the rest of the day the expression "He is our peace" kept rising to the surface of my consciousness, to be repeated silently.

We were taken on a tour of the manse which had been completely refurbished in anticipation of the coming of the new pastor a fortnight hence. Then a gentle elderly woman who lived in a low whitewashed cottage with a thatched roof, sent word asking if the American visitor would grace her humble abode for tea. Five of us readily accepted her invitation and sat down for a country repast in a dark little room where chunks of peat glowed in the tiny fireplace. Legend had it that when the Campbells resided in the manse, Alexander often stopped at this ancient cottage while returning from Armagh, which was about four miles distant.

We went to Armagh, which dates its existence from 300 B.C., and to the great library established by Primate Robinson in 1771. We walked across the city to the observatory, founded on "The Hill of Honey" in 1790, to be greeted by the present director, Dr. E. M. Lindsay, of Harvard fame, and now recognized in astronomical circles throughout the world. Dr. E. J. Opik, driven from his home in Estonia by the Soviet invasion, explained to us at length his research into the nature of solar eclipses. We ended our visit in the area by exploring Saint Patrick's Cathedral, more than six centuries old, and now the headquarters for the Anglican Church of North Ireland.

As we boarded the buses for the return to Belfast the weather became nasty and bad, and soon the rain turned to snow which took the form of a sweeping blizzard by the time we reached the city streets. Because of the long and tiresome journey of the day, those with whom I lodged went on home, while I lingered with the George Hendren family for tea

before the cheerful fireplace. Later, when I stepped out into the night to begin the more than two mile walk. I was engulfed in swirling snow. I had to make my way from one faint street light to another as I trudged along through five inches of accumulated snow.

I have never experienced a greater sense of loneliness. It was as if I was walking through a universe devoid of all life but my own. The only sound to be heard in a great city was that of my shoes crunching the snow beneath them. The activities of the day came surging back into my mind and mingled with the reveries were the images of the noble souls who dared, in the midst of division, to dream of a united church. I thought again of the text which came to me as I read the Word, and of how it had also stirred the mind of a Presbyterian minister in such a rustic setting. I recalled the message I had recorded in the home of Mr. Hoey to be played at the next meeting of the Synod in Belfast. In that talk I urged that if they had others of the caliber of Mr. Campbell, that they send them to American shores to encourage unity among the frightfully-divided heirs of the movement launched by their gentle minister of yesteryear.

I was smitten with the hypocrisy of a plea for a humble peasantry to provide another apostle for oneness while I was among them as a factional representative. It came home to me with force that I had never really labored for the unity of all who believed in Jesus. I had actually, in mistaken zeal, contributed to the fragmentation of the very movement which Thomas Campbell had launched with such high hopes and great promise. Instead of furthering the noble “project to unite the Christians in all of the sects,” I had absorbed and sometimes even gloried in a sectarian spirit.

As I stumbled along through the deepening snow, alone in a foreign city, I found myself weeping and praying and making promises to God of what I would do if my life was spared through His grace. The word *grace* came like a ray of hope and I rolled it on my tongue like a juicy morsel. What I needed to make life worth living, to overcome my frustration, to rise above the futility of my own efforts was grace. In all of my forty-three years no other thought had ever struck me with such force.

In my darkened room I lay awake all night wrestling with my own thoughts. The hours dragged on in the velvety blackness as I went back over every step of the day before. When dawn came I was empty, drained and helpless. Every dream of my life had vanished. Every ship of hope I had launched lay in broken pieces upon the rocks of my own past. I went downstairs to gaze out upon a world of diamond-flecked whiteness but even its scintillating beauty impressed me but a fleeting second.

I sat down before the little hearth with its one lump of coal (the last one of our ration) and picked up the Bible. My eyes were dim from weeping and from staring into darkness through a sleepless night.

Without design I began reading with verse one of Revelation. I became aware that thoughts were leaping from the pages which I had read so often and taking lodgment in my benumbed brain. It was fascinating to have words come alive and to see their souls separate from the characters which the typesetter had given them as bodies, and free themselves from the prison of print to take up abode in my mind.

I read until I came to the letter addressed to the community of the reconciled ones at Laodicea. I could identify with it as representative of our movement. We thought of ourselves as rich and increased with goods, and needing nothing. I remembered the oft repeated question, “What is there left to restore?” or, sometimes “What do we need that we do not have?” But I could also realize that we were poor, and wretched, and blind, and naked, as God saw us. I read on and came to realize what was meant by the gold tried in the fire which could be purchased only at the divine currency exchange by those willing to pay the staggering price. At last I knew what was meant by the white raiment which covers the nakedness of congregations which parade unashamedly, unaware that their garments of fig leaves and their masks are transparent, and they are wearing see-through apparel while the world looks and laughs. For the first time I also knew what was meant by the ointment which restores sight to eyes that are blinded by cataracts of pride, ambition and sectarian prestige.

And then I saw the answer to all of my longings, all of my loneliness, all of my lovelessness to others. “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door. I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” I had never once invited Jesus to come in. True, I had never asked Him to stay out, but I had never shared with Him the kind of intimacy He had promised, the warm glow of companionship at the supper table, the convivial atmosphere in which friends talk and laugh and joke together, and let themselves go in the firm trust that they perfectly understand one another.

I had come to Jesus thirty years before, and then some, but it is one thing to come to Jesus at His invitation, and a wholly different thing to have Jesus come in to you at *your* invitation. I came to Him out of a state of alienation, like a refugee fished out of the muck and mire who needs to be cleaned up in the bath of regeneration and given an abiding place. But the statement to the Laodiceans was not made to those outside. It was made to

those inside. It was Jesus who was outside. Regardless of the state of the things in the congregation with which one was identified. that one could have a royal guest sitting at his supper table and gracing his abode with His presence.

He did not need to leave where he was. He did not need to look for another “church”. In the midst of poverty of spirit, wretchedness, misery, blindness and shameless nudity, he could be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I had never really experienced that kind of joy. In fact, nothing had ever happened to me that I could not describe and glibly enough at that. I had been dubious of anyone who had been too happy. It did not seem right for a Christian who ought to be “walking on eggshells” for fear there was a minute law he might have overlooked and which would bring the wrath of God down upon his unsuspecting skull like the pagan temple which killed the blind Samson while the idolaters were laughing at him.

Now I was being tendered an offer of genuine, thrilling, life-changing association which could have been mine all along if I had not wandered in the fog boiling up from the dank and boggy marshes of legalism and tradition. All I had to do was to hear a voice and open the door. That was it. There was no other condition, no regimen of penance, no burden of regret about yesterday. There was no high-pressure selling, no arm-twisting. Loneliness would leave through the same door by which He entered, exactly as light must dispel darkness. Sorrow and sighing would pass away.

I heard His knock! I heard His voice! I am not talking about audible impressions or things like sound waves or reverberation. It was too deep “for sound or foam” as the poet said. So I arose and put on my overcoat and the borrowed overshoes which had been loaned to me by a kind brother, and walked the two blocks over to where the double-decker bus stopped to pick up riders bound for the heart of the city. I swung off of the platform at Shankill Road and walked up to the little meetinghouse on Berlin Street. Inside it was dark and filled with cold which caught warm breath and sent it swirling upward like a cloud.

I sat down in a pew selected at random and counted the cost of what I was about to do. I realized that I had been tracked down and brought to bay by “the hound of heaven”. It must have been an hour I sat there with the cold seeking the openings in the fibers of my clothing. At last I kneeled down and spoke, perhaps audibly, “This is it! I have come to the end of the road and I’m opening the door! Come in!” Immediately He did exactly what He promised He would do, and I knew it! There were no hot flashes, no hair standing on end, no goose-pimples, no spinal chills, no “speaking in tongues”. There was none of that!

But there was the indescribable feeling of the rightness of all things, the possession of a peace which transcended human rationality and understanding. I knew a part of me had died and that part would never be resurrected. It had been replaced with a new "me" who was not at all of my own creation. I was different and I knew that I was different. I also knew I would never be the same again. Never, regardless of what happened. And then there was that joy! Perhaps the most powerful thought which gripped me was that I had no further enemies among the brethren. They were all children of God! We had a common Father. It struck me like a flash that I could never again hate those whom He loved.

As J. B. Phillips put it, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." It was months before I learned that the love of God had been poured out in my heart by the Holy Spirit He had given me (Romans 5:5).

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AGNOSTIC: NOT A DIRTY WORD

Robert Meyers

I can still hear it from those years of hard, varnished pews and Will Slater songbooks: "Make no uncertain sound!" the preacher would thunder. "People who say 'maybe' and 'perhaps' are people who have never learned the Truth!"

It was the liquor of absolute certainty, and I got gloriously drunk on it. I was the kind of child who wanted to know more than anyone else, anyway, and to prove it as often and noisily as I could. No one could have appealed to me more than those visiting Church of Christ evangelists who spoke with iron-jawed assurance on every religious topic from Aaron to Zipporah.

It took many years for me to get over the conviction that uncertainty is always a weakness, The past fuses and separates like kaleidoscope, but sometimes I think I may have reached 40 before I managed to say "I don't know" without feeling 1 had just betrayed my Church and the Almighty—in that order.

Humility was a word to use, even to preach about, but in the garden my religious experience bequeathed to me there was scant soil for it to grow. I remember with shuddering regret my unprovoked assaults on the faith of those whose opinions differed

from mine, but whose characters often surpassed my own as the sun's light does a candle. I thought it was an inevitable adjunct of faith that I should be as dogmatic as a certain woman who once rebuked Queen Victoria.

The famous 19th century monarch, soon after she bought Balmoral Castle on Scotland's River Dee, spent one Sunday afternoon being rowed on the river. A woman saw it who believed in the strict observance of what she called the Sabbath. She said to her minister, "Isn't it dreadful?"

"What's dreadful?" he asked.

"The Queen's rowing on the river on the Sabbath," said the irate woman.

The minister reminded her that Jesus was on the Sea of Galilee on that very day.

"It doesn't matter," the woman snapped, "Two wrongs don't make a right!"

She would have been beautifully at home where I spent my childhood, certain memories of which revived recently while 1 was reading a book about the Koran. It was, the author said, believed by Mohammedans to contain all the knowledge and all the literature necessary for men. He illustrated their point of view by the decision of a certain Caliph.

It seems that the learned men of Alexandria asked the Caliph Omar to give them the vast library of that city. "If those books," he replied, "contain anything which is contrary to the Koran, they deserve to be destroyed. If they contain what is written in the Koran, they are unnecessary," So he ordered the books to be distributed among the baths of the city, to serve as fuel for their furnaces.

The language is startlingly like that I heard in my childhood church. It assumes an infallible understanding of everything which is written in a book, and then denies value to everything lying outside the boundaries of that understanding.

There was, of course, a little difficulty with this point of view since the *Gospel Advocate* and the *Firm Foundation* were peddling commentaries and other Biblical helps, but it was explained that this apparent breach of logic was excusable on grounds that

nothing in these books would contradict what the Bible taught and would serve only to enhance it. Which, being interpreted, meant: nothing in those books would contradict what *we said* the Bible taught.

These memories lead me to a question which has perplexed me much in adult years. Why is it that so many of us cannot live with uncertainty? Why must we seek comfort forever through those who assure us over and over that we are right, that we know all that is worth knowing, and that anything less than total sureness is akin to wicked doubt?

Is it not possible to live happily with the recognition that one can never know very much for sure" That there is such a thing as humble, but hopeful, uncertainty? Eric Hoffer's "true believers" will undoubtedly be with us forever, but must there be so many of them?

There are, I suppose, people who are born with perfect taste, who never worshiped an idol with feet of clay, or held to a wrong opinion, but they are rare and we should not be too quick to enroll ourselves in that class.

Robert Lynd, once literary editor of the London *Daily News.* put it this way: 'The ideal world would be a world in which everybody was capable of conversion, and in which at the same time the converts would admit the possibility that they might be mistaken."

"I myself sometimes wish," he goes on, "that the people who are not sure that they are right would form a league to control the people who know that they are right, and turn this splendid knowledge to the world's advantage.

"But then," he adds, lampooning himself deliciously, "I have reached a point at which I am not sure that my latest opinion is right. I do not even feel sure that my opinion that my latest opinion may not be right is right."

And while I once would have scoffed at such dubiety, I am now more and more inclined to pay careful attention to such self-deprecating people. Having won through to the wisdom of uncertainty, they make their occasional positive statements tenfold more persuasive.

I have followed with interest the career of the great London preacher, Leslie Weatherhead, ever since a book of his, bought in a Welsh bookstore in 1943, turned my religious life around. One of his latest books describes him as a "Christian agnostic," a phrase which will seem stupidly paradoxical to some.

It is obvious that he believes strongly in a great many things. But he has also come to a place where he can be happy and unafraid to admit that there is a world of things about which he must say, "I don't know."

It's a relaxed house to live in.

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OFFICE NOTES

A Journey Toward Jesus by Edward Fudge and Bruce Edwards, which usually sells for 1.50, is free for the asking from Mark Whitt, 1400 Elkton St., Athens, Al 35611. But you should include postage. This may be of special interest to you since it is a collection of 16 letters between two preachers of "conservative" Churches of Christ in their struggle with legalism and search for grace.

R. L. Whiteside lived and died right here in Denton, Texas and was widely appreciated as a Biblical thinker. His daughter continues to make some of his books available, and we recommend them highly. His *Commentary on Romans* is 5.00; *Doctrinal Discourses* 6.25; *Kingdom of Promise and Prophesy* 4.00; Reflections 6.45. Postage prepaid.

For Restoration history buffs we list three *musts: The Fool of God* by Louis Cochran at 3.85; *The Living Oracles* (Campbell's N.T.) at 10.50; and *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell* (2 vols. in one) at 17.95.

The Word Abused is the bound volume of this journal for 1975-76 and is 5.95. Our latest bound volume for 1977, *Principles of Unity and Fellowship,* is now available at 5.50.

Howard Snyder's books, which question the structures of the modern church and look to the church as the community of the King, are justifiably receiving lots of attention. They will really turn you on. *The Problem of Wine Skins* is 4.30 and *The Community of the King* is 4.60, postpaid. The chapter on unity in the latter is especially worthwhile.

We also have two of George Eldon Ladd's books that we recommend. In *The Last Things* he tells you how to interpret prophecy, 3.25, and his *Commentary on Revelation.* which you can understand, is 4.25, postpaid.

F. F. Bruce's *Paul Apostle of the Heart Set Free* may seem high at 13.95, but it is a 500-page volume representing a lifetime of study, and one to which you will return time and again.

You cannot go on being a good egg forever; you must either hatch or rot. —*C. S. Lewis*

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READERS' EXCHANGE

We found a quote to share with you: "Falsehood imitates truth and it seems impossible to know which is which. What therefore is the difference between the upholders of truth and the champions of falsehood? This is the unfailing sign: men of truth are especially dedicated to the task of redeeming captives. They hate slavery. This is the test by which you can tell the difference." —*Ron and Debbie Hall. Brownstown, IL*

… I can give you an example of what I mean: two visitors sign our visitor's card. One checks the box that reads "Member, Church of Christ," while the other writes in the space provided for remarks, "I am a Christian." Watch what happens after the benediction. The "Member of the Church of Christ" is showered with attention, while the one who says he is simply a Christian is shunned and feared as if some kind of freak. What a sad commentary this is on our thinking and attitude. —*Charles Gillen. Oakland. CA*

Thank you! Just finished reading your article, *No Hope for the Divorced?—a* question you answered well. “Yes, by God’s grace there is hope for the divorced!” *—Arthur O. Peterson II, First Christian Church. Monticello. IL*

We will be moving to Albuquerque, the Lord willing, sometime this Spring, if it ever comes to this frozen North. We know almost no one there, so if you have any friends there that we could fellowship, we’d appreciate knowing. Thanks for occasionally inserting “she” for “he” in your writing. Ev and I get a chuckle out of that. *—Helen Champney, 123 N. Madison. La Grange. 1L 60525*

(Praise the Lord! Someone noticed. *Ed.)*

As one who has pondered the use of musical instruments, I wonder how a bunch of slaves used to “thou shalt” and “thou shalt not” became Christians without a few “thou shalt nots” if they were valid. Maybe they realized they were free men in Christ who could sing and make melody in their hearts with the instrument. One doesn’t invalidate the other. Your paper has helped me to put things in proper perspective. *—Vera Chitwood, Unionville, IN*

It was at a particularly frustrating time that we were given copies of your paper. I t was as if we were hearing, “Yes, Elijah, there are 7,000 other faithful men out there!” I honestly think we would have given up had it not been for your gentle yet firm encouragement. —The Roberts’, Hawaii

Do you have any readers in this area beside myself? 1 would enjoy fellowship with Church of Christ people in this area, but 1 realize I have a dread disease, a piano, that makes me dangerous. Is it true that the choir at David Lipscomb sings a capella on the road and practices with the piano at home? —Gary Knapp, Franklin, KY

(I do not know about the Lipscomb choir, but you realize that what would be sinful elsewhere is not sinful in Nashville. As Perry Gresham responded in one of our unity meetings in Nashville a few years back when asked where he thought Campbell would reside if he lived today: In Nashville. of course! —Ed.)

Thou hast made us for thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in thee. *—Augustine*

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OUR CHANGING WORLD

A Church of Christ in the Dallas area recently had a candle lighting as part of its worship and edification. Taken from a Jewish ceremonial that looked toward the coming Messiah, a young sister lighted a candle while the preacher explained that this symbolizes the coming of Light into the world in the person of the Christ. The Jews always had a woman to light the candle, though they have no explanation except that it was tradition. The preacher explained that for a young woman to light the candle has special meaning since it was by a young woman that Light came into this world. Those present reported that it was *very* impressive. The building still stands and the woodwork is still in place!

In another Dallas area Church of Christ: a group of men in their Bible class keep meeting during the church service, sharing their ideas and concerns with each other while their sisters and brothers are in the main assembly. This causes raised eyebrows and it perplexes the preacher. but there doesn't seem to be much anybody can do about it. It could be that "church" needs something of the intimate and meaningful fellowship that the class has.

A rally for "all streams of the Restoration Movement" will be held in Calgary, Alberta Nov. 23-26. The theme will be the Christian Home, and the speakers invited included James Pennington, Knofel Staton, and Perry Gresham. The flyer telling of the meeting, which will be held in Jubilee Auditorium, reminds us that "We are all brothers in Christ, though not identical twins." For further information: Western Restoration Fellowship, Box 147. Macrorie, Sask. SOL 2EO

Ron Foster, 1210 S. Amy Dr., Deer Park, TX 77536 conducts the tape ministry for the Burke Road Church of Christ, and will send you on request a list of their many tapes, many of them by Wes Reagan, and they are excellent.

The East New York Christian Fellowship, 405 Williams Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11207, sponsored by the Islip Church of Christ, has begun an inner-city tutorial program for black teenagers who are upwards of 60% unemployed. Working in a community center, tutors

will help kids to read and gain other skills so they can do better in school and be able to hold a job. If you are interested in helping they will be pleased to send you more information.

See what you might do? We frequently get such letters as this one from folk who never knew we existed: “Keep up the good work. I’m so happy to know about you, and we never would have if someone hadn’t brought one of your papers to Bible study and read part of it to us. We said, ‘Where did you get that!’ and we’ve enjoyed it ever since.” - *Metropolis, II.* There are many, many others who would like to know about this effort, and you probably know a few of them yourself. If you’ll send us their names and addresses at only 2.00 per name per year, we’ll do the mailing, and they’ll never know whom to thank, unless you tell them.

Our 220-page clothbound volume for 1977, entitled *Principles of Unity and Fellowship,* with dust jacket and table of contents, is now available at 5.50, which is only 1.50 above the sub rate. Ouida says it is beautifully bound.

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